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"SAVE HIM"

(Original.)

Tom Kenerson and Ned Fowler were daring young fellows, neither of whom would be apt to choose a commonplace occupation. They were working in a cotton mill on small wages, when Kenerson noticed the wages paid to divers and proposed to Fowler, with whom he had become very intimate, that they should learn how to dive. They left the mill and, entering the service of a wrecking company, soon became the most daring among the company's divers.

Meanwhile Kenerson married, and it was said that the marriage was a sad blow to Fowler. But this was made up merely from observation, for neither Fowler nor Mrs. Nancy Kenerson ever said a word to any one as to how either regarded the other, and, as for Nancy, she chose Tom Kenerson. However this may be, the two men became stronger friends each year until they were more like brothers than friends. Ned Fowler was often a guest at the Kenersons' and always conducted himself toward his friend's wife honorably.

Ten years after the two men entered the diving profession Fowler was still in the service of the wrecking company, while Kenerson engaged himself for odd jobs requiring a man of great nerve and experience, for which he received large pay.

One day Fowler received a telegram:

Tom is caught under a big weight at the Red Jacket wreck. Come and save him. NANCY.

These few words brought up a distressing picture to the diver. He saw above water men with anxious faces steadily pumping air, others eagerly watching for any sign from the life line, while perhaps fifty to a hundred feet below lay his friend, held down under a mass of wreckage, hourly getting weaker, the signals hourly becoming fainter.

It was a three hours' journey by the shortest and quickest route, but when Ned Fowler reached the railroad station he found a locomotive with steam up ready to take him to the scene of the disaster, and, flying at the rate of a mile a minute, it was but two hours from the time he received the telegram till he was on the float over the sunken Red Jacket. Nancy was there, wonderfully cool outwardly, but Ned saw by the imploring glance she gave him how she suffered.

"Nancy," he whispered, "tell me that, whether or no I save him, you'll believe I did my best."

"Save him," was all she would say in reply.

The helmet was put on, and Fowler, getting on the ladder, soon sank out of sight. It was half an hour before he came back and reported that he had found his friend in the hold of the steamer pinned under an iron frame which had slid down upon him while he was at work. He had taken Tom's hand and by a pressure they both knew well assured him that his old crosby was with him. The difficulty was to remove the debris. Fowler had attempted to do so, but had failed to stir the mass. He had come up to get a rope to attach to it, hoping that those above might lift it.

Meanwhile the signals on the life line were becoming fainter. Before assuming the helmet a second time Ned whispered to Nancy, who was now a picture of despair:

"Nancy, do you believe I am doing my best?"

"Save him," was again her sole reply.

The last look those present caught of the diver's face was that of one who had determined to go to his death. He had little hope that he would save his friend, and he knew that he could not face his friend's wife if he came up alive leaving him dead below. He sank beneath the surface, a cable coil on his right arm, which uncoiled as he descended. Within twenty minutes after he had disappeared he gave the signal to pull on the rope. A dozen men took hold; there was a creaking; then the heavers went down on their backs in a heap—the rope had broken!

Again the diver came up. His helmet was removed for consultation. Fowler asked that his friend could not be taken out alive unless it were done at once. "Get me an anchor chain," he said.

There was none on the floats, but in an instant a boat pulled off to a vessel lying near and brought the chain. It was lowered and Ned called for his helmet.

"Nancy," he whispered, "will you be satisfied that I have done my best with this effort? There will not be time for another."

"Save him," was still her only reply.

"If I don't," he replied, "goodby."

After awhile—a long while—the signal was given, and this time the chain held, the debris was removed, and another signal came to pull up Kenerson. He came to the surface; his helmet was removed; he was dead.

But no signal came from Fowler. His rope was pulled up, but nothing came with it. Quick as it could be done a diver who had just come to the float put on a suit, went down and brought up the missing man. He was unconscious, having been injured by the framework, which had slipped and struck him.

When two years later Nancy Kenerson married Ned Fowler those who had heard the words "Save him" so often repeated tried to assign a reason for what appeared to be an injunction on Fowler not to come back if he could not save Kenerson. Nancy never gave a reason to any one except her second husband. It was this: She knew if Kenerson was lost Fowler would hope

to marry her, and this is why Fowler repeated his inquiry if she would be satisfied that he did his best.

THERESA OSLIN.

Premiums Upon Marriage.

In certain quarters of the world enticing premiums are put upon early marriages. Some years ago the mayor of a southern town in France offered a reward of \$20 to every couple under the age of twenty-four who sought the matrimonial altar during his term of office. The mayor expended many thousands of francs in the manner described. Many years ago, when the number of marriages in a certain Alsatian town was far below the average, the municipal authorities publicly announced that all persons who married within a certain period should be exempt from local taxes for the space of five years. An epidemic of marriages set in at once. A well known Austrian nobleman was anxious to encourage matrimony among the peasants on his estate. He undertook to provide each bridegroom with tobacco supplies for life and each bride with four pairs of gloves yearly. The offer acted like a charm.

Remarkable Feats of Strength.

Louis de Boufflers, who lived in the sixteenth century, could break a bar of iron with his hands. The strongest man could not take from him a ball which he held between his thumb and first finger. While standing up, with no support whatever, four strong soldiers could not move him. He remained as firm as a rock. Sometimes he amused himself by taking on his shoulders his own horse, fully harnessed, and with that heavy load he promenade the public square, to the great delight of the inhabitants. At about the same time there lived a Spaniard named Piedro, who could break the strongest handcuffs that could be put around his wrists. He folded his arms on his chest, and ten men pulling in different directions with ropes could not unfold them. Augustus II., elector of Saxony, was a man of great strength. He could carry a man in his open hand.

Corrected.

When Lord Young of the Scottish court of sessions was practicing before that court he appeared on one occasion before Lord Deas, who was accustomed to speak "broad Scotch." The printed "issue" or statement of facts in the case had got very dog-eared and dirty from much handling, and Lord Deas, holding it up with a disgusted expression on his face, exclaimed, "Maister Young, dae ca' that an ishaly?" Young, throwing up his hands in affected horror, replied: "Heaven forbid, my lord! I call it an issue."

Out.

"He's out a good deal nights, isn't he?" "He was last night. I won a hundred from him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BRONCHITIS

Everybody Knows What It Is—But
Everybody Does Not Know
What Will Cure It.

CHAS. ROGERS TELLS THE PEOPLE OF ASTORIA.

Asked one day in his store the question, "What is good for bronchitis?" Mr. Rogers, our well known druggist, answered, "The best way I can tell you is to read this letter from Miss Anna Ray of Bangor, Me. We have lots of such cases right here at home.

It read as follows:

"For five years I was troubled with a terrible cough and bronchitis. I tried a great many different preparations without getting relief. I could not sleep, and I became so weak I could hardly walk, and coughing day and night. Then I took Vinol. What a godsend that first bottle was! I had not taken half of it before I noticed a change for the better. I took four bottles in all and am entirely cured, and in perfect health."

"Now I have been talking up Vinol to the people of Astoria for a long time," continued Mr. Rogers, "and I suppose some people think I am crazy on the subject, but really I hear such marvellous results from Vinol all the time that I believe it to be the greatest remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles that we have ever sold in our store. It never disappoints people, and I do like to sell a thing that gives satisfaction. Vinol is cod liver oil medicine without the oil, and wherever old-fashioned cod liver oil preparations will do good Vinol will do more good, for it is delicious to the taste and powerful as a curative agent.

"I wish every person in Astoria, who is overworked, run down, debilitated, every old person, every weak woman every sufferer with fall colds, bronchitis or incipient consumption, every nervous, irritable person or any one suffering with stomach troubles, would take advantage of my guarantee to refund the money if Vinol does not help them and restore them to health. Please call at our store and learn more about it." Chas. Rogers, druggist.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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